To furniſh vs; friend *Launcelet* whats the newes. *Enter Launcelet.*

Launcelet. And it ſhal pleaſe you to breake vp this, it ſhal ſeeme to ſignifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ.

Gratia. Loue, newes in faith.

Launce. By your leaue ſir.

Loren. Whither goeſt thou.

Launc. Marry ſir to bid my old Maiſter the *Iewe* to ſup to night with my new Maiſter the Chriſtian.

Loren. Hold heere take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*
I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuatly,
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*

Sal. *I* marry, ile be gone about it ſtraite.

Sol. And ſo will *I.*

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. Tis good we doe ſo. *Exit.*

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica.*

Loren. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſute ſhe hath in readines,
Yf ere the Iewe her Father come to heauen,
Yt will be for his gentle daughters ſake,
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iewe:
Come goe with me, perуſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iewe. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmandize

As

As thou haſt done with mee: vvh
and ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend a
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.

Clowne. Why *Ieſſica.*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do

Clow. Your vvorſhip was wont
I could doe nothing with
Enter *I*

Ieſſica. Call you? vvhat is you

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper
There are my keyes: but wherefo
I am not bid for loue, they flatter
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede v
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica*
looke to my houſe, *I* am right lo
There is ſome ill a bruing towar
For I did dreame of money bagg

Clowne. I beſeech you ſir goe,
doth expect your reproc

Shy. So doe *I* his.

Clowne. And they haue con
you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you
that my noſe fell a bleeding on b
ith morning, falling out that yee
in thafternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes?
lock vp my doores, and when yo
and the vile ſqueaking of the wry
clamber not you vp to the caſem
Nor thruſt your head into the p
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles wit
But ſtop my houſes eares, *I* mea
let not the ſound of ſhallow fop
my ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaff
I haue no minde of feaſting for
but *I* will goe: goe you before
ſay *I* will come.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C